

Year	Month	Daily Average
1882	Nov.	243,861
1883	Nov.	251,670
1884	Nov.	255,534
1885	Nov.	268,194
1886	Nov.	267,430
1887	Nov.	283,528

The New York "World" invites every Newspaper Proprietor and every Advertiser to examine its Books and Press Room to Satisfy himself about its Circulation.

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptance display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, started or marked "Adv.": First page, \$1.50 per line; Fourth page, \$1.25 per line; Inside page, \$1 per line. The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening issue. For the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

The intermittent shriek appeals for "Democratic union" heard in some quarters have reference solely to the offices.

Union upon principle, union to redeem pledges, union to stop the surplus by reducing the war tariff, union in support of the President's bold and statesmanlike message—this is indeed important. But the spoilsman never mentions it.

Without such union the Democratic party cannot retain power.

If the country wants to perpetuate the war tariff and to squander or "divide" the resultant surplus, it will naturally select Republican agents to carry out the Republican policy.

Let the Democratic union be for the good of the country, and the offices will take care of themselves.

An ounce of solid fact is worth more than a whole bag full of buncombe in considering the effect of the over-protection embodied in the prolonged war tariff.

As a fact, ten out of the last twelve years of Republican rule, under the "highest tariff in the world," were years of business depression and labor troubles.

There were never so many bankruptcies, never so many strikes and lockouts, never such stagnation in business, never so much suffering and discontent among the working classes as during most of the time from 1873 to 1885.

Let the tree be judged by its fruits, and some of its superfluous suckers be lopped off.

Judge Cowrie's grant of a stay of execution of the sentence of one year's imprisonment which he gave to JOHN MOST was not due to any doubt as to the fairness of his trial or the justice of the penalty.

The Judge granted the stay in order that MOST, who is poor, may have all the privileges given to a rich capitalist.

It is right that the privileges of all men should be equal before the law. But trial by jury is likely, as Judge Cowrie intimated, to become "a farce," if one convicted criminal is able to secure a stay of sentence because he is poor and it is granted to another because he is poor.

Where does Justice catch on in such an arrangement?

Once more the Republicans will try to cajole Fate by holding their nominating convention in Chicago.

But it will not serve. The charm was broken in the defeat of the last candidate that they nominated there.

The issue and the candidates, not the place where the convention is held, will decide the election. It will be "three times and out" with Mr. BLAINE, either in the convention or at the polls.

Really, the Tribune ought to have more respect for the intelligence of its readers than to try to impose upon them with the silly fallacy, long since abandoned even on the backwoods stump, that "British manufacturers" now pay for getting their goods into this market.

Our contemporary's word-picture of Mr. BLAINE, as an indignant "American," protesting against the President's desire to relieve the bloody Britishers of "contributing to the expenses of our Government," is as funny as anything in Puck.

Is there any reader of the Tribune so benighted as not to know that the customs duties are paid by American importers primarily and by American consumers finally?

Mr. BLAINE's assertion that "the Democratic party in power is a standing menace to the industrial prosperity of the country" is too solemn for a joke, and yet it is too funny to be taken seriously.

The country knows that its renewed prosperity, after a long period of hard times, be-

gan with the accession of a Democratic Administration, and has continued and increased to the present time.

The real menace to the prosperity of the country lies in a hoarded treasury surplus. And this the Democrats purpose to put a stop to.

The warfare of THE WORLD upon the abuses at Castle Garden has accomplished much good.

By the action of the Commissioners the BROKEN baggage monopoly has been mitigated. Hereafter immigrants' baggage must be delivered within forty-eight hours after arrival, instead of delayed, as heretofore. Immigrants will also be permitted to claim baggage on checks and carry it away themselves without charge.

The extortionate prices at the lunch counter have been reduced and the proprietor will be compelled to supply good food.

The railroad pool is charged a higher price for its privileges, though not what it ought to pay.

THE WORLD will continue to "clamor" against abuses, wrongs and evils wherever and whenever it finds them.

How little that clergyman knows of what constitutes moral teaching who denounces the play of "Faust," as given by HENRY IVING and ELLEN Terry, as "foul in its morality."

The true devilishness of Satan was never made so plain in any pulp as it is in the Mephistopheles of Goethe as portrayed by IVING. The beauty and priceless value of virtue, and the terrible truth that, in moral transgressions, "consequences are un-pitying," are portrayed and enforced in the impressive object-lesson of Miss Terry's Marguerite as it is simply impossible, for any sermon to present them.

The moral may be incidental, but it is there. The Rev. Mr. WARREN should see the play.

The exploit of several coachmen in marrying their employers' silly daughters inspired AUGUSTUS JANSEN to try this easy road to fortune.

He was handicapped by a red head, a frightful fiery mustache and eyes that tried perpetually to look each other out of countenance over the bridge of his nose.

But he has the "nasher's" conceit, and that is proof against everything except the remedy which his employer adopted: a heavy boot-toe, vigorously applied, evidence of his daughter's scorn, and an arrest and commitment to jail as a nuisance.

This was hard lines for Jehn, but until he can find some young lady who is "bound and determined" to run off with him he must never drop romance and stick to his reins.

The various organizations of women are profuse in their thanks to Gov. HILL for appointing two of the sex as Trustees of the State Asylum at Buffalo and nearly forty others as Notaries Public. There is one other selection of an unofficial nature within the power of the Governor to make that would still further increase his popularity with the sex.

Compared with foreign rates, the wages of "unprotected" American workmen are relatively higher than are the wages of the so-called "protected" classes. Wages of all kinds have always been higher in this country than in the Old World, alike under low tariffs and high tariffs. It is the field and the market that regulate wages.

The Prince of Wales is impartial in his patronage of American lions and lionesses. An Ambassador, a poet, a politician, an actor, actress, showman, professional beauty or a prize-fighter—it is all one to him. Champion Sullivan is to spar before the Prince to-day, by "special request." Honors are evidently easy.

An imported English clergyman has struck at one of the most cherished institutions of the land of freedom. He is trying to make the girls pledge themselves not to go riding on Sunday or to be courted on Sunday nights. It can't and it mustn't "be did." What are Sunday nights for?

Alent. Cushing says that the Zulu used to worship the cigarette, giving it a place as a minor God in their theology, and celebrating its worship with an elaborate ritual.

A massive mound-builder pipe has been found near Liberty, Tenn. The bowl is beautifully carved from hard stone, resembling granite, and holds nearly half a pint of tobacco.

A St. Louis thief was arrested while carrying off on his shoulder a small clock-store with a fire in it. The stove had one joint of pipe to it, from which the smoke was pouring in volumes.

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George F. Eaton, the colored representative in the Illinois Legislature from the Third Senatorial District, lives in style on Prairie avenue, in Chicago, in a \$10,000 house. A few years ago he was a waiter in a small family hotel on the South Side, but he saved his tips and is now rich.

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The editor of the Griggs County, Dak., Courier calls attention to the fact that Griggs County contains room enough to seat the entire population of the globe in arm chairs within its limits, allowing each person a space of thirteen square feet. The county has an area of 120 square miles, or over twenty billion square feet, and the world's population is about one billion and a half. The actual population of the county is 4,000.

Theatrical men seem to be extremely anxious to establish a reputation for themselves as slugs. During the year which is now closing they have done a great deal in the pugilistic line. Mr. Maurice Barrymore and Robert C. Hilliard distinguished themselves in a Montreal barroom recently, while the actors engaged in Henry's "Deacon Brodie" Company made an effective record on Tuesday in Green's Hotel, Philadelphia. Many actors have an idea that from the terrific manner in which they succeed in slaying a dozen ineffectives "supers" might after night, they are endowed with the power of a Sullivan. In most towns, however, the actor gets the worst of it. It is a well-known fact that one of the principal leading men stood on Twenty-seventh street near Broadway at six o'clock in the morning and engaged in a twenty minutes' ring-fight on that thoroughfare, in which both he and his opponent were severely injured. Then the other day a manager entered the ranks of the pugilists, and Mr. Gilmore made his bow to the public with a barkeeper as an opponent.

The Chicago theatres are well represented in this city at the present time by J. H. McKiever, manager of McKiever's Theatre; John A. Hamlin, of the Grand Opera House, and David Henderson, of the Chicago Opera House. The absent manager is H. M. Hooper, and of course he is the gentleman whom New York theatrical men are most anxious to see. The stock companies and dramatic organizations are always glad to appear at Hooper's Theatre.

It is said that Manager Rosenquest of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is weaving out a good many of the "attractions" (how often a horribly misapplied word) booked for his theatre. He has been looking them up and has found that some of them do not justify the exaggerated descriptions which their owners gave. Mr. Rosenquest, it is said, has already given two weeks in January, to a certain singer, and one week in February to a certain actress, and he has found that they are not worth the money. He has also found that some of the "attractions" are not worth the money. He has also found that some of the "attractions" are not worth the money.

Negotiations are under way to secure the Christmas and New Year's week at one of the principal theatres for the Niblo's Garden. "She," the managers of that attraction have offered a large certainty to people who now hold the dates, so anxious are they to keep "She" in New York. The business at Niblo's continues to be extremely big, and people seem to like Rider Haggard's weird book dramatized.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, the champion of juvenile actors and actresses, and the mother of pretty little girl Fernandez, is trying to organize a children's theatre. She has already secured the services of a number of children, and she is now looking for a place to hold her performances. She has already secured the services of a number of children, and she is now looking for a place to hold her performances.

Denman Thompson could undoubtedly remain at the Fourteenth Street Theatre for the remainder of the century, but he will not do so. On Dec. 20 the Italians will occupy that house with "Le Voyage en Suisse," by no means a novelty, by the way. Several new features, however, have been added since the play was last seen here.

Of Rosenthal's painting, "Elihu," which represents the body of the luckless Elmyrd of Antioch, being "decreed by the dumb" to King Eschir's palace, and which is reproduced at the Madison Square Theatre in Mr. Palmer's splendid production, that manager gives the following history: It was placed on exhibition March 30, 1875. It created a tremendous success, and was being seen daily by crowds of people. A plot was laid to cut the picture from the frame, take the canvas away and hold it in hope of a reward. The theft was committed, but the reward was not forthcoming, and consequently two of the gang "peached" on the others, and as a result the painting was returned in five days from the time it was taken. It is said that sixty thousand people saw it during the time it was on exhibition.

Miss Louise Dillon, who was formerly Susan in "Held by the Enemy," made a great success in that character, and Manager Frohman was afraid to let her go. She is now in the part of "The Wife," at the Lyceum Theatre, and Miss Dillon would be Susan. The young actress, however, has entirely dispelled any doubts as to her versatility. Nothing more charming than her kitchin impersonations can be seen. Comedy actresses are becoming scarce, and when Lotta and Maggie Mitchell retire they will be even scarcer. Miss Dillon has a promising future.

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The country isn't going back to Steve Eldred.

Dockstader's Competitive Examination of Youthful Musical Geniuses.

It may be that a musical prodigy is an extremely interesting thing when found, but the hunt for it, if that which took place at Dockstader's yesterday afternoon is a fair example, is an extremely uninteresting thing when compared with which having a tooth extracted is an unalloyed bliss. I have laughed at Dockstader's Theatre in my recollections of the house have been ringing in my ears, but when I think of yesterday afternoon I hate Dockstader and I loathe his theatre.

He announced yesterday that at 4 P. M. a competitive examination of all the applicants for the position of musical prodigy would be held, and he expected all the alleged talents to be on hand. Long before the time, piano leading boys and mamma conducting girls filed into the house and seated themselves in the auditorium. They were nice enough to look at. Unfortunately a prodigy does not bear any intimation on his face that he is such, and for a few moments I felt elated by the thought that there was a possibility of discovering twelve or thirteen.

"I should have to diminish Abbey's business with young Hoffmann at the Metropolitan Opera House," said Lew Dockstader, suavely. "Still, you know, business is business. Abbey can get even with me if he likes by starting an opposition musical show."

Each of the boys and girls had brought music, except a little lad who sat in one of the boxes. Some of the applicants were musical prodigies, and as young Hoffmann has marked the line of prodigies (you understand?) at ten, they must have thought their playing would out-Hoffmann Hoffmann.

Mr. Dockstader mounted upon the stage, cast his eyes over the assemblage and then announced that the successful candidate would be the one who played the best for his age.

"Mr. Gavino Granville will first favor us," he said. "Mr. Granville is twelve years old. Come up, Mr. Granville, please come up." (You see, Dockstader was in a very good temper as he thought of possibilities, so he could afford to be funny.)

The little boy got up on the stage and showed Dockstader the piece he intended to play. It was a sonnet by Kuhlman. Dockstader pronounced it a sonnet by Kuhlman, but his specialty is not classical music.

"Poor little Granville! He meant so well, but his equal as a pianist could have been found among the pupils of almost any teacher in the city. He was painfully mediocre. Why on earth he should have been told he was a prodigy is something I cannot understand. Practice, Gavino, and for goodness sake practice hard if you want to be an ordinarily good pianist."

Then came little Gustie Kent, a nice child ten years old. Who told her she was a prodigy I would like to know. Gustie ought to work hard at her scales. The child played some stupid flurries that just as nine little girls out of ten would have played.

An intelligent looking boy, ten years old, named Albert Weinstein, was the next performer, and he was really good. His execution was capital, his touch sure, and his method excellent. Little Weinstein was decidedly out of the common, but he wasn't a prodigy. Fond parents may learn in the course of time that prodigies are not to be found knocking about a city waiting to be invited abroad by themselves.

Weinstein played the polka from "Mignon" and one of Schumann's mazurkas. He couldn't improvise. Mr. Sheppard gave him a theme, but it was a sealed book to him. His playing was merely a mechanical success.

You should have heard Arthur N. Cohen. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, he pounded it to such an extent. He was sixteen years old, and should have known better. I saw Dockstader paling. If he couldn't stand it who was interested, how could I, who wasn't?

"Don't you play us something classical?" said Dockstader. "Only a 'Penny Blossom,' or some equally beautiful gem?" But the young man was deaf. He went on like a dozen of Tennyson's brooks.

"Drop a nickel in the box and the machinery will work," muttered Dockstader. James Sullivan, a big boy with a red face, thumped away for ten minutes, devastating the piano of the performance by the noise; Mack Witt, a little boy with a white face, did his feeble best; W. J. Hyne made me wish I had never been born; a charming little girl named Fannie Naegel, whose father called her a prodigy, played in so palpitating a manner that every one stared at the stage; and a country boy, fifteen years of age, gave a polka that would doubtless be considered wonderful in society.

It was anything but an agreeable afternoon. I can assure you. Weinstein was the best. There is a possibility that Dockstader will engage him. I hope no more prodigies will want to be heard. I intend writing a story for children making the good boy who never played the piano, and the bad one the youth who practiced and thought he was a prodigy. Something must be done. The future looks black. Why, oh, why, did Dockstader come over here?

Policeman George Logan found a dead man in the doorway of the store, 131 Fulton street, at 4 A. M. to-day. The body was removed to the Oak street station-house and has not been identified. The man was evidently a woman about forty-five years old and heavily built, and had light yellow hair and a small, crinkled yellow mustache. He wore a suit of cheap dark-mixed clothing, a dark blouse, dark overcoat and high-crowned derby hat. There were cuts and bruises on his head, probably received in falling. In his pockets were \$15.55, a key, a hair and a lottery ticket. The man was in a sitting position.

Major W. P. Walsh, of Arkansas, puts up the Hoffman.

Gov. W. P. Squires, of Washington Territory, is registered at the Bartholdi.

Mrs. Samuel Colt, of Hartford, has rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Edwin P. Bishop, a Buffalo real estate broker, is registered at the Bartholdi.

P. Polard has returned from Foochow, China, and is now a guest of the Murray Hill Hotel.

Asa P. Potter, of Boston, President of the Maverick National Bank, is staying at the Union Square.

The late George Graham, of New York, is now at the Brighton Stock Yards, is now at the Union Square.

John T. Harrington, of Liverpool, and W. H. Wood, of England, are recent arrivals at the Victoria.

J. M. Toney, Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad, is booked at the Murray Hill Hotel.

The Bartholdi shelters Henry B. Butters, a Colorado politician, and S. H. West, known to all lovers of music.

Judge B. R. Butler, of North Carolina, and Mrs. John H. Butler are among the arrivals at the Bartholdi.

Col. Frank A. Peet, of Connecticut, and Zeb Ward, a well-known Westerner from Little Rock, are now at the St. James.

Forest Commissioner Theo. B. Basselin, of this State, and ex-Congressman John W.andler, of Boston, are now staying at the Fifth Avenue.

Registered at the Gluey are A. Lansing, of Albany; Paymaster Theo. S. Thompson, U. S. N.; and J. B. Carson, the well-known Chicago railroad man.

At the Grand: L. C. Kerr, taylorman on the United States steamship Dolphin, Lieut. M. M. Patrick, U. S. A., and John A. McKinnon, a prominent citizen of Montreal.

The Windsor makes the following named railroad men employees who will be paid to-morrow morning out of the funds advanced by Commissioner Stephenson. Mr. Jackson estimates that about \$1,000 will be required.

OUT-OF-TOWN MASONS COMING IN TO PACK THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

They Begin by Giving Half a Dozen Exercises—"The World" Still Alarmed at the Fair Will Last Until Christmas—Interesting Contests for the Prizes.

O far as the attendance and receipts are concerned, the city people have made the Masonic Fair a gratifying success. Now, however, this success is to be made more pronounced by the visits of people from out of town who are coming in on excursion trains to pack the five floors of the Masonic Temple as they have never been packed before.

The rush began last evening, when half a dozen excursion trains came to town loaded down with Masons and their friends. The house was as full as a boy after a Christmas dinner, and there was a steady stream running into and out of the Temple.

Sales of goods by the ladies in charge aggregate immense amounts, despite the fearfully low prices asked. The flower booth was "womaned" last evening by Mrs. E. B. Harper, Mrs. C. C. Shyne, Miss Marion H. Champlin, Miss Annie Walters, Miss Gene Stubbs, Miss Josie Sanford and Mrs. William H. Evans, with Charles White as cashier. Pretty and piquant Miss Olga French presided over the booth where is going on the spirited contest for a set of magnificent diamond-studded, gold "tools," or square and compass, between Solon, Trinity and United Brotherhoods.

The World is still, as a matter of course, far ahead in the vote for popularity as a newspaper, and the magnificent portrait in Charles Dickens will no doubt soon adorn THE WORLD editorial room wall.

Mount Nebel Lodge's gift, a set of diamond ear-drops, to go to the most popular woman in the fair, is still in doubt. The contest between Miss Tillie Munroe, Carrie Samuel, F. Larsson, "Rebecca at the Well" (Millie Thompson), and a score of other ladies.

Mr. Shyne and L. P. Rollwagen have made a big upset in the vote for the stuffed goat at the Puritan booth, but there is still hope for Inspector Williams, P. F. D. Hibbs, Col. Ehlers, Dan Bradley, E. Sorenson and C. W. Williams.

A. B. Haynes leads in the contest for the jewel offered at the Puritan booth, closely followed by P. R. McMillan, J. T. Willis, W. Williams, John Hopkins, Dave Mandevill and R. Archibald.

A new contest is going on at the booth of George Washington Lodge for a Past Master's jewel, between the Borden and the S. H. Bradburn, A. H. Bradley and A. D. Sage are running neck and neck for possession of the jewel.

Mount Nebel manages a contest for a Most Worshipful Master's jewel, to go to the most popular man in the fair. Henry S. Herrman, of Mount Nebel, leads, with George Burnham, of Excelsior, and E. B. Harper, of Crescent Lodge, following.

Among the patrons, Dr. MacArthur's chance of wearing the Tiffany gold watch and chain which is to go to the most popular man in the fair, is a good one. Dr. MacArthur, Jr., Rev. John H. Paxton, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Dr. Matthew H. Pogson are not far behind.

The fair will be extended until Christmas, and the net result will be a noble gift to the asylum fund of the order in this State.

Last evening there was a musicale by Adolph Lodge in the Commandery Room. Souvenir medals were sold in the hall. To-night there will be no special entertainment, but the evening song, Mr. Abbey's company will lend themselves to the fair in a brilliant programme.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime recently issued a circular stating the law on lotteries and chance games, and especially particularly to the "managers of church and society fairs." This circular was not addressed to any particular fair, and the Masonic ladies need not take it to heart. There are no lotteries at the Temple, and all goods are sold to shareholders to be distributed at the close of the fair in a manner satisfactory to all and in no particular full manner. So says Justice Gorman and Inspector Williams, who are of the committee in charge.

Dan Driscoll Leaves His Cell for the First Time Since He Tried to Escape.

For the first time since his attempted escape Murderer Dan Driscoll's